FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

"For a world united in prayer"

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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Founded by Carl Allison Evans (1880 - 1956)

OUR PURPOSE: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of Fellowship among mankind.

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EDITORIAL

PRAYER, REALITY, AND WISHFUL THINKI NG

A SENSE OF SUPPORT is what we are given in return for being able to say "Not my will but thine, O Lord." It is a sense of things being in their proper place, of the world's running as it is supposed to—of, in short, the reality of life, of dawn, of the coming of night, of what people are really like and what they do or say. It is also for me a sense that even if the unexpected happens I will be able to deal with it. Essentially it seems to be a sense of my being the child of the Lord and therefore safe. It is a feeling I lost with my childhood and thereafter searched for in all the ways approved by modern experience and was of course unable to relocate until I was willing to agree to become a child once again. A child in my surrender to the reality which I call God, that is. Not at all a child in what I have learned and felt. Anything but a child in my knowledge of reality. . . . The strange thing is that this reality, of which I used to be so afraid, which I used to go out of my way to escape, which I would deny with every ounce of brain-power I possessed, is now the very element which I trust. I trust it because I have had time to look at it and to realize it has very little that is threatening or dangerous in it other than the unreality in the minds of other people, their refusal to see it, and the substitutes they create for it whether these are anxieties or depressions, fits of ego and grandiosity or fits of contempt for and manipulation of others for their own puproses. It is these unrealities—these crazinesses—which scare me. Yet I must not allow them to do so. I must see them for the results and dangers of other people's weak holds on reality. I must forgive them. I must not be afraid of their wishful thinking but pray that they will eventually perceive what's what and behave accordingly. —P.G.

Ye have no time but this present time: therefore prize your time for your soul's sake. — George Fox

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMENTS

Reuben L. Musey

JUDAISM — CHOSEN FOR A PURPOSE

THE EARLY HISTORY of Judaism—the religion of the Hebrews, who believed in one God alone and that He chose them out of all peoples to carry His message—is well-known to students of the Bible.

The consciousness of being a chosen people with a special mission was the guiding principle of their faith from the covenant with Abraham.

Judaism is the oldest religion that has a definite founder—Moses.

Two events hold special meaning. The Exodus from Egypt was the outstanding event in which God Himself intervened to make them a nation. The second—the giving of the law on Mount Sinai—forever set them apart as God's chosen people.

The words from Exodus 19:6 record: "You shall be to me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation. . . ."

The memory of these events is kept alive in every Jewish family by instruction and by keeping the festivals commemorating their history.

The Passover commemorates the deliverance of the Jews from Egypt.

Yom Kippur is the Day of Atonement celebrated with a twenty-four-hour fast.

Hannukah, the festival of lights, commemorates the rekindling of the lights in the Temple after the victory of the Maccabees.

Rosh Hashanah, 'head of the year,' is the Jewish new year.

The rabbi, the spiritual leader of the synagogue, the Jewish house of worship, presides over the special rituals. It is interesting to note, "rabbi" means "my teacher" and an expert in the Torah, the law of Moses, originally the first five books of the Bible, then the will and law of God.

The daily life under the law indicates that not only on Sab-

baths and feast days is the Jewish family conscious of their religion, but everyday life is permeated by customs and regulations which have their origin in the Torah. There is daily prayer and the recital of the Shema, the Hebrew confession, from Deuteronomy 6:4: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, is one Lord."

As he leaves or enters his house, the Jew touches the Mezuzah, a little capsule containing a verse of the law which is fastened to the doorpost. Every meal reminds him of his religious heritage, as he observes the dietary laws. His food must be "kosher," prepared in accordance with the prescriptions of the law.

All family events are clothed in religious customs. After birth, a boy is circumsized according to Old Testament rule. At thirteen he becomes a Bar Mitzvah, a son of the Commandment. A wedding ceremony is likewise surrounded by ancient customs and symbolism—a marriage contract arranged and signed by members of the two families involved. The couple is married by the rabbi under a canopy decked with flowers, symbolizing the new home. The bride and groom sip from a single glass of wine to signify their sharing of all things. The glass is then shattered on the floor, recalling the destruction of Jerusalem.

The distinction of being a chosen people with a special mission was not simply thought of in terms of their own benefit, but as a mission for the benefit of the whole world.

The great religious contribution of the Hebrews is the conviction that God is a personal God, a God who reveals Himself to man in holiness and love, and that the entire life of man should be lived in the sight of God and in fulfilling His will.

PRAYER FOR JUDAISM

Dennis Barry Carroll

DEAR GOD, as the early history of Judaism reveals a chosen people to transmit Your message, may all of us possess the ability to listen to and respond to You, the Father of us all.

MINI ESSAY: I am my brother's keeper

Nixeon Civille Handy

We respond to the universe of life. It is our aliveness that is drawn to the aliveness around us – the leaf, the flower, the bird, the squirming puppy, half its body wagging in respon se to the universal rhythm. Life speaks to life, moves to meet life, reacts, questioning ways into satisfactions of the spirit.

Because we each belong
Because we all belong.
The hitch may not show
but we trailer one another.

Flowers leave some of their fragrance in the hand that bestows them.
–Chinese Proverb

ALONG THE ECOTONE

(Faun Lake, N.Y.)

Rose Noller

What multiple strange wonders can here be found:
Poteltilla; Bluets; Virgin's Bower;
The Red-eyed Vireo, with his persistent "round";
Erratic Glacial rocks; the Dogwood Tower.
The Steeple Bush; Pin Cherry; and Dragon Fly;
Spring Peeper; Garter Snake, and Joe-Pye Weed;
Infinities one cannot clasify;
An intermittent vision of the Lake.
The Darning Needle and varied lacey Ferns;
The Shadbush mystery and fragrant mint,
The cornfield distances; the endless turns,
And curiosity with no reprint. . . .
To spend a day with MOTHER of all things,
Who knows the Devas and all the hidden wings!

THE ORGAN

Marion Schoeberlein

THE OLD SAYING that "truth is stranger than fiction" is really true. I have found this out more than once, but a classic example of it is contained in the true story I want to share with you.

Years ago when I was a teenager we had a neighbor who was a milkman and a kind of amateur musician. He liked to "fiddle around" with old instruments such as pianos and flutes and horns. Because he came from a poor family he never had any training in music. He played everything by ear. It was hard to know if his playing was very good. Anyway, people listened to him. He kind of fiddled away at dances and weddings and people enjoyed it.

Then during the depression he lost his job as a milkman. His wife went to work in a bakery, earning just enough money to keep them in food and clothing.

Mr Tom (as we shall call him) began visiting the taverns, drinking heavily. Many of his friends were drinking. It helped drown his sorrows. Besides, he could cry on shoulders in the taverns.

Things got worse and worse for Mr Tom. He drank so much he began crawling home to his wife on hands and knees. Everyone felt sorry for her. Marie (as we shall call her) was such a nice woman. She deserved a better fate.

One day when things seemed to be at their lowest ebb, a man came into the tavern and asked Mr Tom a question.

"Want an organ?"

"Are you nuts? What would I do with an organ?" Mr Tom laughed at him.

"The boys here tell me you used to fiddle around with musical instruments quite a lot."

"Yeah, I did, but I don't any more."

"Well, this here organ's old, almost as old as the old lady who's giving it away. She's moving away to be with her kids and

wants to get rid of it. You're the only one I could think of who would take it for free."

"Okay, haul it over to my basement," Mr Tom said, still smiling sarcastically. "It won't bother me none to have it standing there. I can always split it up for kindling."

Once the old organ was in Mr Tom's basement he couldn't resist it. In his sober moments, the organ spoke to him like a poem: "Play me, try me."

At first he was afraid. Then he couldn't stand it any longer. He sat down on the organ bench and began to improvise.

After a few evenings, the organ began to fascinate him so he stopped going to the tavern. His old buddies missed him.

"Old Tom's a snob," they said. "He's getting to be a real slave to that organ. He's not our buddy any more."

Of course Mr Tom was not a snob, but he was definitely staying away from the tavern. His wife wondered about his sudden interest in the organ but did not have much confidence in it. It was just a new toy, she thought. . . . He'll go back to drinking once the novelty's worn off.

Night after night he stayed in the basement and played. . . . Marie had to admit one thing to herself. The sounds that came from the organ were improving. Mr Tom was actually teaching himself to play it.

After about a month he was playing simple tunes. He found an old hymnbook and began playing the hymns that were easy to play. Someone had taught him to read notes a long time ago.

. . . . Just like years ago, he thought, when I was a kid and went to Sunday school and church. The boys at the tavern would laugh if they could see me now.

The novelty did not wear off, not even after he got a job working the milk-route again.

Months went by, and Mr Tom became more and more skilled at the organ. He began taking lessons from a teacher at the conservatory downtown.

Today Mr Tom's old life in the taverns is forgotten. His old buddies would be shocked to find him playing an organ in a church on Sunday mornings. His wife smiles broadly as she wat-

ches his fingers skim the keys. She never dreamed she would be so proud of him. They say miracles happen only in books, but I know that isn't true.

SO I BELIEVE

Marion Freeman

THOSE OF US who believe in reincarnation—"life after life"—feel that each trial is a learning experience; perhaps from deeds or thoughts of another lifetime and sometimes this lifetime as well

It has been said that we chose the family into which we were born in order to learn some particular lesson. It would seem it is the old law of cause and effect in operation through the ages.

When one becomes aware that no one is ever alone and that every thought and action is recorded (a staggering thought, isn't it?), a little more attention is given to any situation in life. I believe no one inflicts negative situations upon us unless we allow it; in reality, we attract them! Observe your own thoughts and actions and prove it yourself.

In meditation, we tune into our highest Self and Source and find there comfort, strength, and often direction. We may also learn who we are.

We are traveling a road which hopefully leads to our highest aspirations. It is a heartwarming experience to meet others along the way who have chosen to walk the way of love and caring for one another. It is never lonely if I know you walk beside me, even though I cannot see you. I can often feel warmth "come out of the blue," and I know that someone cares. I believe God sent us into the world to experience life and to learn. Should we not be eager to return at the end of our lifetime and share the wonders of life on this beautiful planet? Each has a different story to tell. I believe that being aware adds purpose to life.

I SAID AMEN TOO SOON, LORD

Annie Lee Griffin

I came back, Lord, to thank you for these:

Cool refreshing water when I'm thirsty,
A friend to call when I need one most,
Essence of the lilac and the running rose,
Trust in the eyes of a child needing my love;
And a peace
calmer than the smiling sea
when the storm has passed.

SENRYU

Howard A. Dettmers

Love me not for things.
Beauty of form soon passes.
Love alone endures.

EVENING MEDITATION

Neil C. Fitzgerald

My book of prayer
is open to the wailing wind,
those long lonesome sounds of night
that make soft candlelight tremble;
in these fragile moments of illumination
the word of God is a forceful light
commanding the very edges of the soul,
filling the humble room with other worlds,
recycling the dark hours of splintered thought
beyond the nearby owl's penetrating sight. . .

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

Vivian M. Singerling

WE HEAR ABOUT the good-neighbor-policy in our nation's relations with other countries. What about a good-neighbor-policy in our own community.

Many people are inclined to measure what they do for others in terms of some kind of payment, such as "What will I get out of it?" This may be one of the reasons we ignore the golden rule: Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.

Practicing this rule can become quite contagious, especially when it is done for the joy and pleasure of doing. One can sense the difference between an unselfish act and a selfish one. Therefore, being human, we react accordingly.

My husband and I have been most fortunate in experiencing the results of this well-known maxim. For the past twenty-seven years we have lived in a house by the side of a much-traveled road. Odd as it may seem, vehicles have a habit of breaking down or at least running out of gas near our door, requiring their drivers to seek our assistance.

The result has been our finding the truth in the saying that it is the little things in life that really count. If only an outstretched hand. Or a smile or laugh to lessen the seriousness of a situation.

We have found spiritual fulfillment in doing these little things for others. We never cease to wonder at how they are always returned to us via the kind services others do us. True, one hears of those who are thoughtless and unappreciative, but then there are many who are not.

To acquire a good neighbor, one must be one. As I said before, this can be contagious. Wouldn't it be great if one could start a nationwide epidemic?

Help thy brother's boat across and lo! thine own has reached the shore.
—Old Hindu Proverb

IN QUIETNESS

Mildred Long

I still my mind and listen.
I turn my heart toward God and wait.
Out of the great unknown
There comes a voice, a thought, and a feeling
Weighted with comfort and hope.
I am assured.

I still my body and rest.
Body and mind and soul are centered
In the love and peace of God.
I yi eld myself completely to this love;
I fill myself with this peace;
And new life surges through me.
I am made whole.

BOREDOM IS UNNECESSARY

Estelle D. Broadrick

BOREDOM I S THE BY-PRODUCT of too much idleness. It is unnecessary, and there is no excuse for it. There is a world of things, good and worthwhile things, to combat boredom.

There a hundreds of hobbies to choose from. Become a rock-hound, collect books, make scrapbooks of poets or kings, or human-interest stories. Take weekend trips to the mountains, to nearby towns, or the ocean. If you do not have the money to spare for trips, read travel books.

Start a study course. Begin studying the Bible. Probably you have promised yourself to read it through some day. "Now is the good and the accepted time."

Read it carefully, prayerfully. A hundred new meanings will

open in your mind. New passages of thought will be yours. Words that were just words will have new meanings. You will discover new heights of joy. The joy of discovery.

There is one basic truth from which all other truths flow in and out and around about. . . . We, the creations, are forever in the care of the Creator. Study and meditation will raise our consciousness. Through peace and persistence in faith we shall find all we need.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some. --Dickens

MERCIFUL AND MIGHTY

Kelly Janes

Before the Sky was born,
Before you had so much as planned the prototypes
Of us living creatures,
O God! you were beautiful,
Agonizing, terrible
And true.
Still we know
Your presence, dire and dear,
We hear
Your sarcasm, we feel your thorn
Piercing our flesh to purge our motal wound,
We smell the orange, see the almond
Trees blooming
Up the middle of the main street
Of the city of our hope,
Their roots clinging
To the iron pipe
Through which the elixir of life is flowing.

FLAMINGOES AT SUNSET

Marie Elmore Baxter

An arrowhead of rose and flame,
Flamingoes lift against the sky,
Lit by the light of setting sun,
A bit of Beauty drifting by.

Sustained by power we cannot see,
To homelands hidden from our eyes,
They wing their way in graceful flight,
Across the wide uncharted skies.

So, too, I travel every day,
Toward a Home I cannot see,
But He who guides them on their path
Is just as surely guiding me.

SWEET SONGBIRD

Eva Zellmer

Spring, is it not nature in harmony
Birds, sweet birds
You trill with a rhapsody
That man cannot aspire to.

I sit and listen
At the edge of your love nest
You say it well
With lyric that mortal man clings to.

I marvel at life as I confess
To the simplicity and the complexity of birds
What is life but that we forever strive
And defeated, we learn to rise again
Out of the shadows into the sunlight
To be rewarded again and again by sweet songbird!

NEW LEAVES ON THE SYCAMORE

Eleanor Ebersole

AS SOON AS the great sycamore trees began to show signs of growing new leaves, the hemlocks beside them in the wood began to tell them about the world they had missed during the winter.

"You should have seen the snow!"

"And the great horned owl!"

"And the flooding brook!"

"And the ice!"

One sycamore in the midst of the hemlocks tried to interrupt.

"But. But—" was all the sycamore was allowed to say.

"But," said the scyamore again.

"But, But—" the sycamore called, a little louder.

By this time one hemlock started to listen.

"Where do you think we were during the winter?" asked the sycamore now it had a chance. "Did you think we had moved south?"

"But," said the hemlock whose time for interrupting came.

"Did you think we were dead?" asked the sycamore.

"Of course not," replied the hemlock quickly. "What made you think we thought that?"

"You sounded that way," said the sycamore. "I know we turn pale in winter and have no leaves to rustle, but we don't disappear, do we?"

"Well, no," said the hemlock.

"No. No," added the other hemlocks.

"Actually, I guess, that is what I thought," said the hemlock who had been doing most of the talking. "You looked dead. When we look like that, we are dead, I think. I guess I forgot."

"Forgot about life when you can't see it?" quickly retorted the sycamore.

"Right," sighed the hemlock. "We hemlock are like that."

"Did you know about the squirrel hunting their hidden nuts?" asked the other hemlocks.

"And the ice?"

"And the flooding brook?"

"And the great horned owl?"

"I guess," said the sycamore whose leaves were growing brighter, "I guess I'll let you decide about that."

Man is not on this earth just to be happy—he is here to do great things for humanity- —Van Gogh

LONGEST WORD IS TRY
BECAUSE TRY NEVER ENDS

At the end of any TRY is another challenge saying: TRY ME.

There are all kinds of TRY. The over-again-until-you-learn-it-but-you-can't is frustrating. When it isn't your thing. Trying to become a concert singer with a voice like mine is that kind. At some point along the way someone has to say it so it can be understood: You will never be an opera singer.

Well, it hurts to try and not make it.

Another kind of TRY is the maybe-you-can-do-it. The talent is there. But you begin at the wrong end, or take poor advice, or don't use common sense, or don't work at it hard or long enough to get where you could be, quitting short of the last turn to success.

Companions make a difference. Standing on the sidelines hollering "I told you you'll never make it!" can stop trying. While "You can do it, I know you can, keep at it, over again —once more!" makes it possible.

How good the satisfactions—the top of the hill, another horizon for you because you kept on TRYING. Working within the Father's will, you are certain to hear his "Well done!"

He who never knocks will never know.

-Nixeon Civille Handy

PLANT A SEED OF HAPPINESS

Audrey Carli

EVEN THOUGH our small town is safe for children to play about the neighborhood yards, we became alarmed when our ten-year-old daughter was nowhere around at mealtime.

"She had a package of flower seeds last time I saw her," her two years older sister said. "Said something about planting them in that big pot in the basement and putting it on Mrs Peter's grave. So sad. She was so old and alone when she died." Her blue eyes brightened. "Let's go to the cemetery. Bet that's where Lori went!"

We were breathless by the time we reached the grave marked by the white stone in the shrubbery-adorned burial grounds not far from our house. There are our daughter knelt over that flower pot, apparently planting seeds to decorate the nearly eighty-year-old widow's grave.

As we neared our daughter, she said, "I didn't plan to stay this long. But Mrs Peters will be glad. Remember how we used to hurry up to her in the store and say 'hi' when Lynn and I shopped with you?"

As we strolled homeward, we reviewed the widow's sad life. After only two weeks of marriage, her husband went to Germany during World War I. He never returned. So Mrs Peters returned to our town, her husband's birthplace, to settle. She told many she would wait for him always, for no one ever knew for certain that he had been killed. His Missing in Action status had never ended, however, until he was listed legally dead after the years.

We talked about how she had dropped in to chat and we had also visited her. How her face beamed upon greeting us in to her book-lined abode. Whenever she knew guests were coming, she would walk the the long way to the bakery to buy treats to serve.

So it seemed fitting that a child—for she had yearned for one of her own—should plant flower seeds on her grave.

Later in the summer, as pastel blooms nodded over where she lay, we recalled the source of these flowers as seeds of love.

Observation revealed that each of us can plant seeds of love and

happiness daily. Parents who love and guide their young are planting joy. Children who obey plant harmony.

Responsible employees plant security and contentment. Respectful and fair employers plant rapport and pleasantry.

Preachers plant inspiration with God's Word. Teachers plant knowledge. Doctors plant seeds of health. No matter who we are, we can plant a seed of happiness with caring and sharing.

Even when not at one's vocation, happiness can be planted and harvested daily: a smile, a kind word, a wave of the hand.

"Not he who has much is rich, but he who gives much," wrote Erich Fromm.

The roots to the seed of giving lie in Scripture, don't they?

"It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20: 35).

WON'T IT BE GREAT?

Richard L. Vannatter

Won't it be great
standing at heaven's gate?

'spect it'll shine and glisten.
Think I'll just watch and listen.

Saint Peter ought to be there
and hippies with long hair.

Fat kids and a shapely gal,
some guy wrapped in a towel. . .

probably taking a shower
during the resurrection hour.

Teachers, doctors and ex-crooks,
plus a librarian with some books.

A girl looking for her mother. . .
parted spouses greeting one another.

"Grandmother!" shouts a boy,
his eyes filled with tears of joy.

"Shh," she replies aloud,
while pointing at a crowd.

"Jesus is coming over there."
"Why, Grandmother! He too has long hair!"

SPRING RAINBOW

Jaye Giammarino

Let April showers blur the sun
turn apple-blossoms white,
for spring is tinting every leaf
minty-green and bright.

Pinkest flowers, azure skies
nature now is blending,
yellow vies with orange-reds
and color never-ending.

Splendor falls upon the land
from a gentle cosmic hand.

VISTA-VISION

Zelma S. Dennis

TWENTIETH CENTURY TECHNOLOGY has given birth to many new words which we have put into active daily usage in our language. The amazing ability of the camera and motion-picture has produced a combination of techniques, implications and connotations of words and their values. The term "vista-vision," incorporated in the cinema, gives rise to greatly expanded dimensions of thought.

How many of us have kept our viewpoint narrow to almost a single dimension? Looking at the widescreen version, or Cinemascope, gives one almost the same tremendous feeling of infinity which permeates the soul when standing on a mountaintop looking out across the distant range of lofty pinnacles. Or on a long, sandy beach where the curving ivory hands of the cresting ocean swells seem to gather the empyrean fragments of drifting clouds and fold them into the vast, unlimited horizon. Then there is night, when the star-filled firmament stretches beyond mortal comprehension in concept of time or space.

This should be the "vista-vision" of the soul, as one sees

the ability of man as God created him with no limitation, to expand the boundaries of his mind. His aspirations, when filled with the highest ideals for the good of humanity, can embrace the stars.

Let our eyes behold the infinity of the universe, and let its gigantic overflowing wonder and promise of life lift us to the ultimate fulfillment, as God has designed for man. The eternal "vista-vision" of the Divine.

THOUGHTFULNESS *Harry Halsey Starrett*

THOUGHTFULNESS is one of the fruits of Spirit, rooted in and emanating from the Soul. Thoughtfulness is selflessness —the losing of one's self in the service of others, with no thought of personal praise or profit; just doing good for good's sake only, "letting our Light so shine before men that they may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven."

Thoughtfulness involves sacrifice but sacrifice is the key which unveils the hidden beauty, substance and purpose of life, lifting us up out of a world of illusion into The Realm of Divine Reality, whence cometh all our help.

To live our lives unselfishly for others is "to be in this world but not of it."

Thoughtfulness takes form as Angels of Mercy, who move about, on the wings of love, visiting the afflicted and the oppressed, bringing sunshine and gladness where this is darkness and sadness; bringing courage and hope to the disconcolate, enabling those whom they serve, to declare, with understanding and with unrestrained fervor, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Each good deed is a priceless gem, set by The Master, in our diadem, with which, in the end, He crowns those selfless Souls and upon whom He pronounces His loving benediction— "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

FIVE POEMS *by Sri Chinmoy*

The Boat of Silver Light

Sailing the boat of silver light,
The moon-beauty is fast approaching me.
The sky is vibrating with sweet and melodious songs.
The birds are flying beyind the horizon
To an unknown land.
All my hopes are flying without any destination.
Slowly my life's evening sets in.

How Many Songs Have I Sung?

How many songs have I sung?
How many more have I still to sing
here on earth?
Within and without I have been searching
for myself through my songs.
With deep pangs my heart cries,
My self-form is not vusible yet.
In the vast life-ocean I am floating all alone.

O My Poem

O my poem, you are the lotus
Of my heart.
You bring into my heart
Nectar-light from Heaven.
When my life flows
With the river of sorrow with its
countless waves,
May your magic touch
Hide me in the waters of liberation-sea.

Alas, Then Why?

By whose touch does the lily smile
And open its beauty-bud?
Whose moonlit beauty
Do I see in the lily?
Who is the Eye of my eye;
Who is the Heart of my heart?
Alas, then why do I not see Him,
His Face of transcendental Beauty,
Even in my dreams?

The Liberation-Warriors

We are initiated by the Mother-power.
Our heads are eternally high.
The fear of death we all have conquered.
We are the liberation-warriors
To fulfil illumining longings of the
Mother Earth.
We strike hard at the root of fear.
We sing the supreme glory of Mother Earth.
There can be no obstacle where Mother is.
We can brook no delay.
Swiftly the time is passing by.

He that sings the songs of his country has more power than those that make its laws- Said by a Scottish minstrel

A PRAYER

Vivian M. Singerling

Dear Lord,
We pray for the blessings
of thy peace in our lives,
which is the Spring ot true contentment.
May we learn
that in contentment lies happiness.
Teach us to be concerned
with the way we use each to day.
May no one suffer
because we fail to love.
Thank you for dreams,
which sensitize us
to new appreciation of faith.
Wake us to renewed serenity
and fulfillment of purpose.
Amen.

NEW DIRECTIONS

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees, President Musey proposed a program for Fellowship in Prayer under the title of: "Presidential Proclamation for the Next Quarter Century—New Directions—An Exchange of Thoughts and Ideas." The theme comes from I John 1:17: "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another."

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER — over the past quarter-century — has reached people in every state of the Union and in thirty-three foreign countries. This was possible because people believed in the guideline: "For a world united in prayer."

They brought special meaning to what is recorded in the Book of Psalms: "Behold, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

New Directions! An Exchan ge of Thoughts and Ideas!

To move forward we must draw from the past and in the same sense project into the future.

In doing so, we must all set forth a guideline for the present hour.

A good choice could be from Hebrews 10:24: "Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works."

To see in reality the Presidential proclamation—New Directions—the Exchange of Thoughts and Ideas—depends upon you, the reader and member of Fellowship in Prayer.

How does the pronoun YOU enter the picture? This question can be answered by supplying Fellowship in Prayer with information regarding your church, mission, or synagogues's role in all aspects of prayer, praise, and adoration.

New Directions. . . .

From all denominations, large or small, we want to know what prayer groups are active in your church, mission, or synagogue.

Another question we would like to ask. What constituted

the organizing of the prayer group? We need your answer. Also how do you conduct the prayer groups? We are interested in knowing if the weekly or monthly bulletin or newsletter emphasizes the prayer facet.

Perhaps you conduct study-hours on prayers and a youth forum. If so, this will be helpful in sharing with others. You might have carried this idea a step further with a lay forum—a chat back and forth, an exchange of ideas. Give us input on this as well.

Also, it may so happen you have conducted Prayer and Praise meetings, either on a monthly or quarterly basis, with Bible readings, exchange of prayers, and hymn-sings—perhaps incorporating into the meetings the history of the hymns. If such meetings exist, let us know so the Fellowship can inaugurate this into its New Directions program.

Breakfast meetings, either a group of men meeting, or women in the home—this may be your method of bringing Fellowship in Prayer. Relate this to us, too.

Maybe you reach your people by means of audio visual sessions, perhaps screening religious films and holding discussions —a question-and-answer period. May we learn of this?

Senior Citizens testimony or testimonial prayer groups may perhaps exist. It is interesting to note that from these people we can learn a wealth of information. It can be exchanged with others only if YOU pave the way.

Are we not in agreement with the words of Leviticus: "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man." There is a Chinese proverb that reads: "One picture is worth more than ten thousand words."

This might prompt YOU, the reader and member of the Fellowship, tell us about your program—drawing from religion and the arts, using paintings, drama, film, and music in relating to your people. Such a program would offer a new perspective to others.

Many religious books have been published. Prayer Book Reviews could exist. Make the people within the Fellowship aware of them.

The Presidential Proclamation for the Next Quarter-Cen-

tury can only be a reality if YOU exchange your thoughts and ideas with us.

The Advisors and Contributing Editors of Fellowship in Prayer are reorganizing a program to expand their mission to reach more people.

According to James 5:16, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

May you *heed* them in the New Directions Program.

HOURS AND YEARS

Samuel M. Silver

ENGLISH WORDS are amazing. English words are often chronicles in themselves.

You say the word *salary*, and you think you're talking about money, as you are, but the root of the word has to do with salt, and suddenly you are transported to the times when the thing a person wanted most was salt.

You say the word *principal*, and suddenly you're talking a little Latin mixed with French. In Latin it's *primo*, meaning *first*, and then it gets a little nasal touch as it passes through French as *primo* becomes *prince*, the first of a group. And suddenly there is a link-up between the primary group of a school, the first graders, and the principal of the school, the first person in importance.

You say the word *year*, and you think of a twelve-month period. You say the word *hour*, and you think of sixty minutes. A year and an hour seemed far removed in meaning. Yes, they are now. Both have the same origins. Both come from the same root. They are cousins. The original word meant a portion of time.

The common meaning of these two words reminds us that what we do with our hours now determines what will happen to use in later years. We must not think of our future in terms of years. Years don't happen. Hours do. And the years are the cumulative results of hours of work, or worry, or investment of patience and time and love.

So, although the two seem far apart, they are very close.

May what we decide to do in the next hour be a blessing to us and others in future years. May we do those things which are pleasant in the sight of Almighty God.

We eat to live to serve others —Buddha

A VIGNETTE

Logan G. Griffith

JOHNNY came running home from school to where his grandmother was sitting and asked, "Granny, what does the word 'kindness' mean? I asked my teacher today, and she told me to look up the word in the latest dictionary, and I did, and all it said was, 'Word almost obsolete."

Granny smiled and wiped her spectacles. Then she replied softly, "When I was a child and a neighbor-lady was sick, the folks chose up and took turns and went in and sat up with her of nights so her family could get some rest. Or when a neighbor who had a farm was injured and could not tend his crop, the men in the neighborhood went in and harvested his crop for him so he wouldn't lose it."

"That's strange," said Johnny. "Why didn't they hire folks to do that themselves?"

"Those," said Granny gently, "are examples of kindness."

A stare. . . .

"Well," said Johnny, "I still don't understand why they didn't write to Washington for help."

Granny smiled and said, "That's where kindness comes in. Kindness is showing loving for another person."

"Then what is love, Granny?"

Softly she replied, "God is love, my boy."

So Granny sat in her rocking chair and there she would dream and nod. . . for she was a friend of God.

BRIDGING THE GAP

Drucilla Krywcun

IN THE INEVITABLE PROCESS of growing older, in missing the pace of our younger years gone by, my husband and I both had become saddened. Like a panorama before our eyes, we could see our own wasted youth and lost opportunities that lay behind us. And, we became even more aware of the so-called generation-gap that seemed to fence us in, giving us an eerie feeling of being 'old hat.'

Yet, caring makes the difference in bridging the gap. Of course, above all, God cares and meets the need, filling the hearts of young and old alike with His love.

Through His great love the picture changes. Quickly, as a flash out of heaven, He brought two young twin girls into our lives, awakening our hearts to a broader reflection of His love.

Having lost both mother and father, these twins felt a sense of loneliness and needed someone to fill the void, although they knew that God was the one to do it.

They had to be heaven-sent, for they showed the compassion of God—From God with love. Truly, this was God's way of filling the void while opening our hearts as well as theirs to a greater depth of love.

Brimming with both charm and intelligence, able to converse on any topic, and, more importantly, their hearts overflowing with love and understanding, we couldn't help but hold them as dear as our own.

Having much in common, particularly in the literary field, helped to bridge the age-gap. Their youthful enthusiasm and cleverness of mind was captivating and acted as a stimulus to our own dry minds.

Like a fresh breath of air, their bright outlook brought us into new vistas, lifting us above the mundane affairs of life. And, since my interest in writing had been pushed aside, their encouragement spurred me to rekindle the spark and inspired me to new endeavors.

A relationship such as this, built on love and understanding,

just proves that there need be no gap between age-levels. For there is so much that each has to offer that complements what the other has.

In caring and loving one another God sends His peace. Where love prevails, the atmmsphere is calm, soothing the nerves and bringing an inner glow.

Love sheds a whole new light on life's meaning. For our essential need is to love and be loved, that is, God's kind of love which the Bible teaches: "For God is Love."

JESUS AS A POET

William Walter DeBolt

LIKE THE FABLED PHOENIX OF ANTIQUITY, Jesus is resurrected from time to time from the ashes of materialism and neglect. He is brought forth to grace the dogmas and doctrines of the theologians and philosophers, often with the hope of rejuvenating the shaken moral and pietistic kingdoms.

But there is one phase of the Nazarene that has been sadly neglected—the status of Jesus as a poet. He ascended into heaven, but he has not yet ascended to Parnassus. Very little has been written about Christ in this category. To be sure, the Master has been mentioned incidentally in verse, but he has been left through the ages, as Lowell says of God, "...within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

Jesus was a child of the poetic oriental world. His style shows he was a great poet. The Synoptic Gospels tell us the devil took him to a high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. When one early Christian was asked how this happened, he replied that Satan held up a map for the Lord to scan! Often we are about as dull with respect to grasping the lively imagination that served to make Jesus by intuition behold the glory of all thr kingdoms of the world. If John Keats could look into Chapman's Homer and write--

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seens,—

certainly Jesus, sitting alone and contemplating life, could have in his mind's eye seen in an accurate hypothetical manner all the kingdoms of the world by way of contrast with spiritual values. The Son of God while being severely tempted saw in one illuminated moment the dualism between right and wrong in all its potentiality. It was a sudden experience, not a literal forty-day temptation. We have to see the poetic mind of Jesus breaking through the prosaic minds of his misunderstanding disciples.

The metaphors, similes, and allegories employed by the Man of Galilee as they are reported in the Bible are of the highest poetic quality. No greater figures of speech can be found anywhere than those attributed to John. The parables are unsurpassed if we look upon them as the antithesis of prose. It is said that Robert Browning had strange eyes—that he could see things close and things at a distance as if he had special sight for each. In such a way we should read the New Testament, seeing the prose therein with one eye and the flourishes of poetry attributedto Jesus with the other.

A BOOK REVIEW *by Bess Foster Smith*

IN THE BOOK *The Bible's Legacy For Womanhood* Edith Deen says, "Women are born to rise toward spiritual perfection, with loftyideals, beauty of spirit, and loveliness of form and face." According to this author, woman is man's link with the Divine. She does not have an equality with man, she is superior to him.

Although she must submerge herself in the universal stream to carry on the continuity of the race, she is made of "finer clay and performs the noblest functions life affords." In fact, she says women are creators—like God.

To prove her statement, she mentions a few women of history who were responsible for some of man's greatest achievements. It was Beatrice who inspired Dante, Monica whose prayers made a saint out of her son, Augustine; Paula who sustained Jerome, Celeste, dsughter of Galileo, who inspired him. The list is endless.

She mentions Angela, of the thirteenth century, who wrote,

"The whole world is full of God." And so it is. It is to those who can sense his presence. We know that in Bible times there was no mass communication, but Miss Deen says, "Means of contact with the invisible presence excelled our own. The vital thing was: He was in and around them. The people had an awareness of God in the changing cloud-forms, the sunshine over flower-dotted hills, the sunset's splash of color, the stillness of flocks and herds—all these revealed the Glory of God."

In the Old Testament history, time is condensed over several hundreds of years, with here and there a close-up from which we weave the pattern of their lives. Usually a woman highlights the scene. Her presence shines through like a bright thread. If you remember your "begats," you will recall that Sarah, wife of Abraham, controlled the birthrite of her son, Isaac. Isaac married Rebekah, who prayed her way to be the mother of Jacob, and Rachel, wife of Jacob, mothered Joseph, on whom the destiny of future generations depended.

It was Jochebed who set her son afloat among the rushes, Hannah who mothered Samuel, Jarephath who scraped the bottom of the barrel for meals with which to feed the prophet. These and many more played important parts but never knew they were instruments of God bringing about the destiny of the race.

Miss Deen compares these women with our more familiar story of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, who, overworked and living in poverty, mothered the most honored man in American history. She says, "There is an obscurity in the affairs of men and women that suffers them to struggle on and continue their monstrous toil. . . It is the privilege of history to seek them out and set them apart." She also tells about the women of the New Testament with whom we are more familiar. She does not spare the foolish women, the adulterous women, the wicked women. She links the whole race of mankind together when she says, "Women's wickedness pollutes the whole stream of life, poisons it at the source."

I liked the quotation she uses from the writer of Proverbs: "There be four things too wonderful for me; one, the way of an eagle in the air; two, the way of a serpent upon a rock; three, the way of a ship in the midst of a storm, and fourth, the way of a man with a maid."

ARCANE STORIES

Francis Merchant

Time-Binding

AN OLD MAN spoke in a discursive fashion of the varied incidents that had befallen him in his long career. A minister listened patiently to these reminiscences.

"I know I'm rambling a bit," the old man at length confessed, "but I live in the past. My memories sustain me."

Some time later, the minister talked to a young man who spoke only about his future plans. After a while the latter declared, "I'm concerned mainly about the future; in fact, I'm all wrapped up in it."

The next day the minister talked to a prosperous businessman who confided, "I'm doing so well in my enterprises that I live only in the present. I don't worry about the past or future. This moment is sufficient for me."

The minister reflected, "These are time-fractioned men, for one lives in the past, the other in the present, and a third in the future. Surely as a time-binder, man should synthesize all three segments into one integrated whole."

UPON SHARING these reflections with a metaphysician, the latter observed, "The three dimensions of Time are summed up in a fourth, the vision of the eternal. Becoming finds its root in being. Many people choose to live fractionally, but they could enrich themselves considerably by living four-dimensionally. The past offers experience; the present, action; the future, vision; and the eternal, an overarching pattern of divine purpose."

The Mirror World

A STATE OFFICIAL, knowing that it was expected of him to make a good impression on others, always scrutinized himself

in the mirror every morning. His own face—a face he had carefully cultivated for many years—looked back at him from the polished surface. Satisfied with the image he saw, he would go to his place of work knowing that his appearance reflected the importance of his position.

After a time he began to spend more and more time before the mirror. In it he always found himself a most pleasing object of contemplation. While the mirror reflected other objects, his image was always central.

The mirror world is a domain all by itself, he told himself. Of course, it never originates anything but simply duplicates everything that is placed before it. One day he made a curious discovery. He held the pages of a book before the mirror, and found that the looking-glass registered the words upside down so that they were undecipherable. This observation disturbed him, for he had hitherto believed that the mirror faithfully recorded whatever was presented before it. The mirror world, then, he pondered, is really upside down.

The more he looked at himself in the mirror, the more pleased he felt. One day, however, a strange thing happened. The line of demarcation between what lay outside of the glass and what lay inside became confused. He found himself inside the mirror, looking out at himself. This was indeed a dilemma. However, it was rather pleasant to be in the looking-glass. Nothing ever happened there, for it simply recorded what took place elsewhere.

Having erased the boundary between the inside and the outside world, he could pass from one to the other rather easily. It was a slight inconvenience that he could not read when he stepped inside the world of the looking-glass, but then he never read much anyway.

As time went on, there was another curious development. He spent more and more time inside the mirror. There he could contemplate his own image to his heart's content and relax from the burdens and responsibilities of everyday living.

Eventually he could no longer recognize whether he was inside or outside the mirror. Both states of consciousness seem-

ed quite natural to him. Finally he became so rooted in the mirror that he could not get out any more.

A metaphysician who was apprised of the situation and was asked to help took drastic action. He broke the mirror—and released the official from the world of reflections.

Prisoners Of the Planet

A SOLDIER who had been captured in a skirmish was lodged in a small cell where he was held prisoner. Time went on, and he became habituated to his new circumstances. The memory of war faded and the restricted life that involved neither danger nor effort became normal.

Years passed, and the soldier thought he had been forgotten, but his comrades in arms had remembered. They finally discovered where he was, and formulated a plan to rescue him.

One night, two of his comrades succeeded in eluding the security guards and came to the very cell where he was imprisoned. They made a slight noise to attract his attention and waited for him to respond. Great was his astonishment when he identified his former comrades, and learned that they had come to set him free.

"Just follow us," said the first comrade, "and we'll lead you to freedom."

The soldier was bewildered by this turn of events. After all these years of confinement and privation, he was on the verge of release. Doubts assailed him. As a captive, he had no duties or responsibilities. Food and lodging were assured. Life was regulated and simple. If he escaped to freedom, what could he expect? Discipline, duties, assignments, hazards, responsibilities — these came to his mind as he thought of what it meant to be free. He weighed and considered the matter and then made up his mind.

"It's too risky," he said. "I wouldn't think of endangering your lives. Why don't you leave me as I am?"

The two comrades withdrew and held a consultation.

"He's been in prison so long that he wants to stay," said the first. "Adjustment to freedom would be too much of a strain, no doubt."

"Don't say anything more about freedom," said the other. "Just tell him we're removing him to another prison. Such an adjustment will be easier for him to make."

They returned to the prisoner and told him they wished to conduct him from one prison to another.

His attitude changed immediately, and he cooperated fully while they released him.

The second comrade, being philosophically inclined, drew his own conclusion. "The prisoners of the planet," he said to himself, "must be released from successive prisons of consciousness gradually, for they think their chains are blessings."

Distribution of Wealth

A STUDENT who was taking a course in economics became deeply disturbed when he saw statistics relating to the distribution of wealth. He went to his professor and gave vent to his feelings.

"The wealth of the world is unjustly and unwisely distributed," he declared vehemently. "To begin with, it's in the wrong hands. It has consistently been held by unenlightened self-seekers who are undeserving. Scholars and spiritually-minded people, who could use it wisely and equitably, have been materially poor and needy. This condition should be corrected forthwith."

The professor listened patiently until the student had finished.

"It wasn't always so," said the professor. "According to mythology, the god Plutus was given the task of distributing the wealth of the world. He apportioned it carefully, giving more to the deserving and less to the ignorant and unworthy. The result, however, was curious. Men became law-abiding and virtuous because it was profitable to do so. They chose to be spiritual for a materialistic reason. To be good and to be rich were synonomous.

Virtue became an adjunct of material prosperity. Now, this condition was displeasing to Jupiter, so he saw to it that Plutus became blind. Having lost his sight, the god of wealth could no longer discriminate properly between the worthy and the unworthy. Therefore he offered his gifts haphazardly to the meritorious and the unmeritorious. That is the origin of the unequal distribution of the world's wealth."

"But isn't it time that we restored the eyesight of Plutus?" the student asked.

"As soon as men pursue wisdom for its own sake, yes," replied the professor, "but are you sure that time has come?"

The String Of a Necklace

A SCHOLAR was asked to become a counsellor to the Queen.

"What advice do you have to give me?" she asked when he accepted the post.

The counsellor handed her a necklace with many pearls that gleamed and shone even in the daylight.

"My advice is contained in this gift," said the counsellor. "Ponder on it."

The Queen wore the necklace and was much pleased by its beauty and shimmer, but she could not discover any hidden meaning in it.

"Your gift is beautiful," she told the counsellor, "but the meaning you say is wrapped up in it eludes me. Would you care to provide an explanation?"

"The pearls are all separate, are they not?" said the counsellor.

"Indeed they are," assented the Queen, "but what of that?"

"If the invisible string that binds them were cut, what would happen?"

"Why, the pearls would fall indiscriminately in all directions," answered the Queen.

"In that case, you would no longer have a necklace."

"Quite right," agreed the Queen.

"Then the invisible string that binds the separate pearls

together makes it possible for the necklace to exist. Is this not so?"

"To be sure," said the Queen, "but doesn't everybody know that?"

"Your kingdom," the counsellor elaborated, "consists of many citizens, all of whom are pearls, but they need to be bound together in a cooperative arrangement, for of themselves they are separate, isolated, and unrelated."

"I begin to understand," the Queen conceded.

"What is the nature of the unseen string that will bind your subjects together in a designed unity?"

"Tell me the answer," she requested.

"Nay," replied the counsellor, "that I may not do, for at this point interpretations differ widely. Some say it is wisdom; others, good will, still others, coopr ration; and finally, the spirit of the laws. The answer that you yourself provide by your rule will be the best definition. May I but add the wish that your wearing of the neck,ace bring bl ssings to the kingdom; and may the string never be broken."

A PRAYER WITHOUT SERVICE

Marion J. Richardson

A familiar path. . .

divinity in wing, in leaf
or rounded stone, beaten long
by weather.
In a quivering breeze
a leaf brushes my cheek
to hide a falling tear.
I find sanctuary
in the cloistered boughs
of virgin green
and become uplifted,
breaking conn ctions
with the outside world.
In thi s unbroken silence,
a prayer is caught without service.

PURITY

(Cinquain)

Francis O. Raniville

The pure
in mind and heart
can never feel alone,
for in the silent hours they talk
with God.

NOTICES & COMMENT

SUBSCRIPTION NOW FIVE DOLLARS. Some readers appear to have missed our announcement of the change in *Fellowship in Prayer's* yearly subscription rate to five dollars (six dollars overseas) as of January 1, 1977.

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(Views expressed by contributors do not necessarily represent those of the Fellowship or its Editor.)

MY CHURCH

Bernice Chenault Howard

The church I have within my heart
Has been there many years,
It's known my joys and sorrows too
And understood my tears.

I attend this church at any hour,
This church within my heart,
No sermon's preached, no songs are sung,
Just God and I take part.